

CHICAGO'S DIPLOMATS.

Representatives of Foreign Lands in the Garden City.

The Head of the Corps—Diplomatic Consuls of England, Germany and France—How the Service is Conducted—A Full View.

(Special Chicago Correspondence)

Aside from the large sea-port cities, Chicago is the only point in the United States in which the nations of the world maintain a regular consular service. This is the highest compliment which foreign governments can pay to the greatness and importance of the Western metropolis; and that the compliment is not unworthily bestowed is proved by the fact that several of the leading nations have found it necessary to appoint Vice-Consuls in addition to the regular Consuls, as the work of their respective offices has grown beyond the control of one man.

Details are, in the first instance, consular agents who attend to matters of import and export and certify to the value of goods shipped from foreign ports to places in their native lands. They also represent the interests of their countrymen in courts of law, and, if necessary, perform diplomatic duties. Diplomatic Consuls are individuals of considerable importance in the social affairs of the cities where they are located. In one such city is a sea-port, the Consul is expected to do the honors whenever a fleet or man-of-war belonging to his country anchors in the harbor. His rank is equal to that of a Captain in the navy, and a Consul-General ranks with a Commodore.

In Chicago the social duties of a Consul are not onerous, but his share of active business is larger than that of many Consuls-General. The head of Chicago's diplomatic corps, that is, the oldest member in length of service, is Mr. Henry Clausen, who represents the Austro-Hungarian empire. The Consul is a Jewish man, sixty-three years of age, who has held many consular appointments in his day. He was appointed Prussia's Consul in Chicago in 1861. In 1866 he was made Consul for the North German Confederation, and in 1871 Consul for the German Empire. While attending to his consular duties, Mr. Clausen built up a lucrative banking and exchange business, and when, in 1877, Bismarck made Chicago a diplomatic office, Mr. Clausen resigned, on the holding of his position would have compelled him to give up his business. In the same year he was appointed Consul for Austria-Hungary, a post which he still holds.

The most important consular office in that of Great Britain, which at the present time is held by Colonel James Haynes Slesler, a gentleman who has held office under the British Government for the greater part of his life. The Colonel is a dignified gentleman, about thirty years of age, and a graduate of Oxford. The early part of his life he spent in the Majesty's army. In 1850 he was appointed British Consul at Boulogne, France. Subsequently he served in the same capacity at Caen, and Rochelle. After eighteen years of service he was promoted to the Consulate at Panama, and a year later he was transferred to Chicago. English Consuls, aside from attending to their consular duties, have the right to marry subjects of the Queen residing in foreign lands, and are compelled to register births and deaths of Englishmen, duties which make the Chicago office any thing but a sinecure.

Germany's first diplomatic Consul was Dr. Hinkel, who served from 1877 to 1888, when he was succeeded by the Baron von Nordenskiöld. The Baron is a comparatively young man, who has a bright future before him. At the age of nineteen, when a mere college youth, he enlisted for actual service in the Franco-Prussian war, and for bravery at the battle of Le Bourget, October 30, 1870, was decorated with the Iron Cross and given a commission. At the close of the war he returned, and after having served his government in various civil offices. In 1888 he entered the service of the Turkish Government, filling the position of Chief Adviser to the Minister of Commerce and Agriculture. In 1894 he married Miss Adèle Muhlberg, daughter of the Sultan's chief physician. After three years' service with the Sultan he accepted the Chicago Consulate, offered to him by Prince Bismarck. The duties of the German Consulate are exceedingly heavy, owing to the large German population of the Northwest. Besides attending to his regular duties the Consul is required to transmit to his government reports of the doings of German Anarchists and Socialists residing in Chicago and other Western cities.

Three-fourths of the business between the United States and France is transacted at Chicago, hence the Consulate at this point is considered one of the most important by the Foreign Office at Paris. Mr. E. H. Verley was the first diplomatic Consul sent here by the French Republic. Although a very clever gentleman, he never succeeded in making himself popular with his countrymen, at whose request he was transferred to a new field of usefulness. His successor and the present incumbent of the office is M. Francois Ed. Brunner, an enterprising diplomat of the modern school, who is ably assisted by M. Andre Mondohare, Vice-Consul of the republic.

The representative of the King of Denmark in Chicago is Mr. Emil Dreier, who has held his position since 1886. Mr. Dreier has been a resident of Chicago since 1854, and has held many honorary offices. In his capacity as Consul he has always made war on the Mormon church, and has been instrumental in rescuing many deluded Danish women and girls from the toils of Mormon emigration. Mr. Arthur A. Dreier, a son of the Consul, has during the past two or three years done most of the routine work of the office, and in consideration of his services has been appointed Vice-Consul by the Danish Government.

Italy is represented by Signor Paul Rajnotti, an official who reflects credit on his government and his fellow-countrymen in America. His rank is that of Vice-Consul or Consular Agent, and all the business of his office is done through the Italian Consul-General at New York. His predecessor in the Chicago office was Augustino Scutiti, an old gentleman of the Garibaldi school, who lived altogether in the past, and never won the confidence of his countrymen doing business in Chicago.

The Consul for Sweden and Norway is Mr. Peter Strane, who has held the office for seventeen years. The Netherlands is represented by Mr. George Hirokoff, Jr., a prominent Chicago business man, and Mr. Louis Berlin looks out for the interests of Switzerland. Belgium and the Sublime Porte are represented by Mr. Charles Henrotin, a well-known banker. He is an enterprising man who has done more to build up trade between the countries he represents and the United States than all the other Consuls put together. His appointment as Belgian Consul was made in 1877. Mr. Henrotin is now about forty-five years old, and has for some years been recognized as one of the most successful Western financiers. In his operations as banker and broker he commands large amounts of foreign capital and enjoys the confidence of European investors.

The South and Central American States doing business direct with Chicago maintain consular offices in Chicago, Mexico being represented by Senor Felipe Berriozabal, Venezuela by Mr. David H. Whiting and Argentina by Mr. P. S. Hudson. The two last-named are Chicago business men who attend to the duties of their offices, like all Consular agents, for the fees.

Diplomatic Consuls receive a stated salary and are compelled to remit all fees to the home government. They also transact all business direct with the Foreign Offices of the countries they represent. Consular Agents and Vice-Consuls, on the other hand, send their reports to the Consul-General or Ministers, and, in lieu of salary, retain the fees of their offices, which frequently amount to more than the salaries of diplomatic Consuls. Mr. Henrotin, the Belgian Consul, for example, according to a report in the Chicago Tribune, recently made \$15,000 in fees in one transaction involving the settlement of a large estate, in all business of this kind Consular Agents being allowed two per cent. of the gross value of the property.

G. W. WREPKER.

Some Famous Ballplayers.

There had been an even half dozen great and famous practical railroad men of the Northwest during the present generation. They are: Merrill, of the St. Paul; Newell, of the Lake Shore; Hughtis of the Northwestern; Clarke, of the Illinois Central; Potter, of the Burlington & Quincy; and McMullin, of the Alton. They all began life as poor men and worked through that hostile period which is a needful portion of every successful life. Hughtis was a telegraph operator, but has lost his cunning with the key. He is a good operator now, under the old system, but he has not had time to keep pace with the improvements in electricity. Merrill was an expert in the matter of track-laying. He never forgot his specialty of early days. Newell commenced as a chainman in an engineering corps, but never was an expert in triangulation until after much laborious practice. Potter was an energetic fireman on the Iowa division of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. The writer often rode on the engine with him, for "Old Pot" was a lover of boys and always their friend. Marshall M. Kirkman, proprietor of the Northwestern, is today one of the best-paid railroad men in the world, and he is a thorough Western man. Mr. Kirkman is a publicist and is an accepted authority upon railroad matters all over the country.

Two Attention in Gen.

Stranger (in dime museum)—Say, where's the walkin' match you advertised?

Manager—See the livin' skeleton over there?

"Yep."

"Well, that's him."—Time.

There is considerable difference between Dan's immortal poem and Rev. Sam Jones; yet one is the Divine Comedy and the other the Comedy Divine.—Time.

SAVING A KING'S LIFE.

An Application of the Saving of the Life of Young King Josiah.

The Various Efforts to Strangle Christianity Have Always Resulted in a Fresh and More Vigorous Growth.

While on his homeward trip from the Holy Land Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage was announced to deliver the following sermon in Paris, from the text:

Jehoshaba, the daughter of King Joram, sister of Ahabah, took Josiah, the son of Ahabah, and stole him from among the King's sons which were slain; and they hid him, even him and his nurse, in the chamber from Ahabah, so that he was not slain. And he was with her hid in the house of the Lord six years.—II. Kings, xii, 7, 8.

Grandmothers are more lenient with their children's children than with their own. At forty years of age, if discipline be necessary, chastisement is used, but at seventy the grandmother, looking upon the misbehavior of the grandchild, is apologetic, and disposed to substitute confectionery for whip. There is nothing more beautiful than this melting of old age toward childhood. Grandmother takes out her pocket handkerchief and wipes her spectacles and puts them on, and looks down into the face of the mischievous and rebellious descendant, and says: "I don't think he meant to do it; let him off this time; I'll be responsible for his behavior in the future." My mother, with the second generation around her—a boisterous crew—said one day: "I suppose they ought to be disciplined, but I can't do it. Grandmothers are not fit to bring up children." But here, in my text, we have a grandmother of a different hue.

I have within a few days been in Jerusalem, where the occurrence of the text took place, and the whole scene came vividly before me while I was going over the site of the ancient temple and climbing the towers of the King's palace. Here in the text it is old Ahabah, the queenly murderer. She ought to have been honorable. Her father was a King. And yet we find her plotting for the extermination of the entire royal family, including her own grandchildren. The executioner's knives are sharpened. The palace is red with blood of Princes and Princesses. On all sides are shrieks, and hands thrown up, and struggle, and death groan. No mercy! Kill! Kill! But while the ivory floors of the palace ran with carnage, and the whole land is under the shadow of a great horror, a fleet-footed woman, a clergyman's wife, Jehoshaba by name, stealthily approaches the imperial nursery, seizes up the grandchild that had somehow as yet escaped massacre, wraps it up tenderly but in haste, snuggles it against her, flies down the palace stairs, her heart in her throat lest she be discovered in this Christian abduction. Get her out of the way as soon as you can, for she carries a precious burden, even a young King. With this youthful prize she presses into the room of the ancient temple, the church of olden times, unwraps the young King and puts him down, sound asleep as he is, and unconscious of the peril that has been threatened; and there for six years he is sequestered in that church apartment. Meanwhile old Ahabah smokes her lips with satisfaction, and thinks that all the royal family are dead.

But the six years expire, and it is now time for young Josiah to come forth and take the throne, and to push back into disgrace and death old Ahabah. The arrangements are all made for political revolution. The military come and take possession of the temple, swear loyalty to the boy Josiah and stand around for his defense. See the sharpened swords and the burnished shields! Every thing is ready. Now, Josiah, half affrighted at the armed tramp of his defenders, scared at the vociferation of his admirers, is brought forth in full regalia. The scroll of authority is put in his hands, the coronet of government is put on his brow, and the people clapped, and waved, and huzzed, and trumpeted.

"What is that?" said Ahabah. "What is that sound over in the temple?"

And she flies to see, and on her way she meets her and says: "Why, haven't you heard? You thought you had slain all the royal family, but Josiah has come to light."

Then the queenly murderer, frantic with rage, grabbed her mantle and tore it to tatters, and cried until she foamed at the mouth: "You have no right to crown my grandson. You have no right to take the government from my shoulders. Treason! Treason!"

While she stood there crying that the military started for her arrest, and she took a short cut through a back door of the temple and ran through the royal stables; but the battle axes of the military fell on her in the barn-yard, and for many a day, when the horses were being unloaded from the chariot, after drawing out young Josiah, the fiery steeds would sport and rear passing the place, as they smelt the place of the carriage.

The first thought I had you from this subject is that the extermination of righteousness is an impossibility. When a woman is good, she is apt to be very good, and when she is bad, she is apt to be very bad, and this Ahabah was none of the latter sort. She would exterminate the last son of the House of David, through whom Jesus was to come. There was plenty of work for embalmers and undertakers. She would clear the land of all God-fearing and God-loving people. She would put an end to every thing that could in anywise interfere with her imperial criminality. She folds her hands and says: "The work is done; it is completely done." Is it? In the wedding clothes of that church apartment are wrapped the cause of God, and the cause of good government. That is the action of the House of David; it is Josiah, the Christian reformer; it is Josiah, the friend of God; it is Josiah, the demolisher of Baalish idolatry. Rock him tenderly, name him gently. Ahabah, you may kill all the other children, but you can not kill him. Eternal defenses are thrown all around him, and this clergyman's wife, Jehoshaba, will snatch him up from the

passer nursery, and will run up and down with him into the house of the Lord, and there she will hide him for six years, and at the end of that time he will come forth for your dethronement and obliteration.

Well, my friends, just as pogo a batch does the world always make of extinguishing righteousness. Superstition rises up and says: "I will just put an end to pure religion." Domitian slew forty thousand Christians. Diocletian slew eight hundred and forty-four thousand Christians. And the scythe of persecution has been swung through all the ages, and the flames hissed, and the guillotine chopped, and the Bastille groaned, but did the foes of Christianity exterminate it? Did they exterminate Alban, the first British sacrifice; or Zuinglius, the Swiss reformer; or John Oldcastle, the Christian nobleman; or Abdallah, the Arabian martyr; or Anne Askew, or Sanders, or Cranmer? Great work of extermination they made of it. Just at the time when they thought they had slain all the royal family of Jesus, some Josiah would spring up and out, and take the throne of power and wield a very scepter of Christian dominion.

Infidelity says: "I'll just exterminate the Bible, and the Scriptures were thrown into the street for the mob to trample on, and they were piled up in the public squares and set on fire, and mountains of indignant contempt were hurled on them, and learned universities decreed the Bible out of existence. Thomas Paine said: "In my 'Age of Reason' I have annihilated the Scriptures. Your Washington is a pusillanimous Christian, but I am the foe of Bibles and of churches."

O, how many assaults upon that Word! All the hostilities that have ever been created on earth are not to be compared with the hostilities against that one Book. Said one man, in his infidel desperation, to his wife: "You must not be reading that Bible," and he snatched it away from her. And though in that Bible was a lock of hair of the dead child—the only child that God had ever given them—he pitched the book with its contents into the fire, and stirred it with the tongs, and spat on it, and cursed it, and said: "Susan, never have any more of that damnable stuff here!"

How many individual and organized attempts have been made to exterminate that Bible! Have they done it? Have they exterminated the American Bible Society? Have they exterminated the British and Foreign Bible Society? Have they exterminated the thousands of Christian institutions, whose only object it is to multiply copies of the Scriptures, and throw them broadcast around the world? They have exterminated until instead of one or two copies of the Bible in our houses we have eight or ten, and we pile them up in the corners of our Sabbath-school rooms, and send great boxes of them everywhere. If they get on as well as they are now going on in the work of extermination, I do not know but that our children may live to see the millennium! Yes, if there should come a time of persecution in which all the known Bibles of the earth should be destroyed, all these lamps of light that blaze in our pulpits and in our families extinguished—in the very day that infidelity and sin should be holding a jubilee over the universal extinction, there would be in some closet a backwoods church a secreted copy of the Bible, and this Josiah of eternal literature would come out and come up and take the throne, and the Ahabah of infidelity and persecution would fly out of the back door of the palace and drop her miserable carcass under the hoofs of the horses of the King's stables. You can not exterminate Christianity! You can not kill Josiah!

The second thought I had you from my subject is, that there are opportunities in which we may save royal life. You know that profane history is replete with stories of strangled monarchs and of young Princes who have been put out of the way. Here is the story of a young King saved. How Jehoshaba, the clergyman's wife, must have trembled as she rushed into the imperial nursery and snatched up Josiah. How she hushed him, lest by his cry he hinder his escape. Fly with him! Jehoshaba, you hold in your arms the cause of God and good government. Fail, and he is slain. Succeed, and you turn the tide of the world's history in the right direction. It seems as if between that young King and his assassins there is nothing but the frail arm of a woman. But why should we spend our time in praising this bravery of expedition when God asks the same thing of you and me? All around us are the imperiled children of a great King.

They are born of Almighty parentage, and will come to a throne or a crown, if permitted. But sin, the old Ahabah, goes forth to the massacre. Marderoous temptations are out for the assassination. Valesa, the Emperor, was told that there was somebody in his realm who would usurp his throne, and that the name of the man who should be the usurper would begin with the letters T. H. E. G. D., and the edict went forth from the Emperor's throne: "Kill every body whose name begins with T. H. E. G. D." And hundreds and thousands were slain, hoping by that massacre to put an end to that one usurper. But sin is more terrific in its denunciations. It matters not how you spell your name, you come under its ban, under its sword, under its doom, unless there be some omnipotent relief brought to the rescue. But, blessed be God, there is such a thing as delivering a royal soul. Who will snatch away Josiah?

This afternoon, in your Sabbath-school class, there will be a Prince of God—some one who may yet reign as King forever before the throne; there will be some one in your class who has a corrupt physical inheritance; there will be some one in your class who will be some one in your class who do not know their father and mother; there will be some one in your class who is destined to command in church or State—some Crown-well to dissolve a parliament, some Beethoven to touch the world's harp strings, some John Howard to rescue from its clutches the innocent, some Florence Nightingale to bandage the battle wound, some Miss Dix to soothe the crazed brain, some

John Frederick Oberlin to educate the heathen, some David Brainerd, or to change the Indian's war whoop to a Sabbath song, some John Wesley to marshal three-fourths of Christendom, some John Knox to make Queens turn pale, some Josiah to demolish idolatry and strike for the Kingdom of Heaven.

There are sleeping in your cradles by night, there are playing in your nurseries by day, imperial souls waiting for dominion, and whichever side the cradle they get out will decide the destiny of empires. For each one of those children sin and holiness contend—Ahabah on the one side and Jehoshaba on the other. But I hear people say:

"What's the use of bothering children with religious instruction? Let them grow up and choose for themselves. Don't interfere with their volition." Suppose some one had said to Jehoshaba:

"Don't interfere with that young Josiah. Let him grow up and decide whether he likes the palace or not, whether he wants to be King or not. Don't disturb his volition." Jehoshaba knew right well that unless that day the young King was rescued, he would never be rescued at all.

I tell you, my friends, the reason we don't reclaim all our children from worldliness is because we begin too late. Parents wait until their children are before they teach them the value of truth. They wait until their children swear before they teach them the importance of righteous conversation. They wait until their children are all wrapped up in this world before they tell them of a better world. Too late with your prayers. Too late with your discipline. Too late with your benediction. You put all care upon your children between twelve and eighteen. Why do you not put the chief care between four and nine?

It is too late to repair a vessel when it has got out of the dry docks. It is too late to save Josiah after the executioners have broken in. May God arm us all for this work of snatching royal souls from death to coronation. Can you imagine any sublimer work than this soul-saving? That was what flushed Paul's cheek with enthusiasm; that was what led Munson to risk his life amid Bornean cannibals; that was what sent Dr. Abel to preach under the consuming skies of China; that was what gave courage to Phocas in the third century. When the military officers came to put him to death for Christ's sake, he put them to bed that they might rest while he himself went out and in his own garden dug his grave, and then came back and said: "I am ready!" but they were shocked at the idea of taking the life of their host. He said: "It is the will of God that I should die," and he stood on the margin of his own grave and they beheld him. He said it is a mania, a foolhardiness, a fanaticism. Rather would I call it a glorious self-abnegation, the thrill of eternal satisfaction, the plucking of Josiah from death, and raising him to coronation.

The third thought I had to you from my text is that the church of God is a good hiding place. When Jehoshaba rushes into the nursery of the King and picks up Josiah, what shall she do with him? Shall she take him to some room in the palace? No; for the official desperadoes will hunt through every nook and corner of that building. Shall she take him to the residence of some wealthy citizen? No; that citizen would not dare to harbor the fugitive. But she has to take him somewhere. She hears the cry of the mob in the streets; she hears the shriek of the dying nobility; so she rushes with Josiah into the room of the temple, into the house of God, and then she puts him down. She knows that Ahabah and her wicked associates will not bother the temple a great deal; they are not apt to go very much to church, and so she sets down Josiah in the temple. There he will be hearing the songs of the worshippers year after year; there he will breathe the odor of the golden censers; in that sacred spot he will tarry, secreted until the six years have passed, and he come to enthronement.

Would God that we were as wise as Jehoshaba, and knew that the church of God is the best hiding place. Perhaps our parents took us there in early days; they snatched us away from the world and hid us behind the baptismal fonts and amid the Bibles and the psalm books. O, glorious inclosure! We have been breathing his breath of the golden censers all the time, and we have seen the lamb on the altar and we have handled the plants which are the prayers of all saints, and we have dwelt under the wings of the cherubim. Glorious inclosure! When my father and mother died, and the property was settled up, there was hardly any thing left; but they endowed us with a property worth more than any earthly possession, because they hid us in the temple. And when days of temptation have come upon my soul I have gone there for shelter, and when assailed of sorrows I have gone there for comfort, and there I mean to live. I want like Josiah, to stay them until coronation. I mean to be buried out of the house of God.

O men of the world outside there, betrayed, caricatured, and cheated of the world, why do you not come in through the broad, wide-open door of Christian communion? I wish I could set the part of Jehoshaba to-day, and steal you away from your parents and hide you in the temple. How few of us appreciate the fact that the church is a hiding place. There are so many people who get the Church as so low a mark that they begrudge it every thing, even the few dollars they give toward it. They make no sacrifices. They do a little out of their surplusage. They pay their butcher's bill, and they pay their landlord, and they pay every body but the Lord, and they come in at the last to pay the Lord in His church, and from so they say:

"There, Lord, it is; if you will have it take it now, take it, take it; send me a receipt in full, and don't bother me again."

I tell you there is not more than one man out of a thousand that appreciates what the church is. Where are the souls that put aside one-tenth for Christian institutions—one-tenth of their in-

come? Where are those who, having put aside that one-tenth, draw upon it cheerfully? Why, it is pull, and drag, and hold on, and grab, and clutch; and giving is an affliction to most people when it ought to be an exhilaration and a rapture. Oh, that God would remodel our souls on this subject, and that we might appreciate the house of God as the great refuge. If your children are to come up to lives of virtue and happiness, they will come up under the shadow of the church. If the church does not get them the world will.

Ah, when you pass away—and it will not be long before you do—when you pass away it will be a satisfaction to see your children in Christian society. You want to have them sitting at the holy sacraments. You want them mingling in Christian associations. You would like to have them die in the sacred precincts. When you are on your dying bed, and your little ones come up to take your last word, and you look into their bewildered faces, you will want to leave them under the church's benediction. I don't care how hard you are, that is as I said to a man of the world: "Your son and daughter are going to join our Church next Sunday. Have you any objections?" "Bless you," he said, "objections? I wish all my children belonged to the Church. I don't attend to those matters myself—I know I am very wicked—but I am very glad they are going, and I shall be there to see them. I am very glad, sir; I am very glad. I want them there." And so, though you may have wanderers from God, and though you may have sometimes caricatured the church of Jesus, it is your great desire that your sons and daughters should be standing all their lives within this sacred inclosure.

More than that, you yourself will want the church for a hiding place when the mortgage is foreclosed, when your daughter, just blooming into womanhood, suddenly clasps her hands in a slumber that knows no waking, when gaunt trouble walks through the parlor, and the sitting-room, and the dining-hall, and the nursery, you will want some shelter from the tempest. Ah, some of you have been run upon by misfortune and trial; why do you not come into the shelter? I said to a widowed mother after she had buried her only son—months after I said to her:

"How do you get along nowadays?" "Oh," she replied, "I get along tolerably well, except when the sun shines." I said: "What do you mean by that?" when she said:

"I can't bear to see the sun shine; my heart is so dark that all the brightness of the natural world seems a mockery to me." O, darkened soul! O, broken-hearted man, broken-hearted woman, why do you not come into the shelter? I swing the door wide open. I swing it from wall to wall. Come in! Come in! You want a place where your troubles shall be interpreted, where your burdens shall be unstrapped, where your tears shall be wiped away.

Church of God, be a hiding place to all these people. Give them a seat where they can rest their weary souls. Flash some light from your chandeliers into their darkness. With some soothing hymn hush their griefs. O, Church of God, gate of Heaven, let me go through it! All other institutions are going to fall; but the Church of God—its foundation is the "Rock of Ages," its charter is for everlasting years, its keys are held by the universal proprietor, its dividend is Heaven, its president is God!

Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given, The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of Heaven. God grant that all this audience, the youngest, the eldest, the worst, the best, may find their safe and glorious hiding place where Josiah found it—in the temple.

LAWS AGAINST GAMING.

A Matter in Which the Great Blackstone Was Deeply Interested.

Sir William Blackstone, writing at the end of last century, remarked that "it is not so much our laws that are defective as ourselves and our magistrates in putting these laws into execution." In his day that was no doubt the case, as we have already seen; high play and high life seemed to go together; it is on record that in 1798 the profits of a gaming club in the West end during the season amounted to no less than £150,000. About the same time a lady is recorded to have won £3,000 at loo in one night. No wonder Blackstone says that it is "the gaming in high life that demands the attention of the magistrate." It may, of course, with perfect safety be said that such things do not go on nowadays, and could not go on without creating a scandal that would be sure to arouse the authorities into activity. Statistics are, of course, very difficult to obtain in such matters, or at any rate, such as can be accepted as reliable, and, though it can not be disputed that gaming in West end club life is not entirely eradicated, it would probably be found that the standard of play at the Park Club was a good deal in excess of what goes on elsewhere.

Speaking generally it may safely be said that play-gaming in the strict sense of the word—has very largely decreased during the last fifty years, and that this applies particularly to the upper circles of society. As to the masses of this country many might be suggested; it is doubtful if the law has had much influence here, though, unquestionably, it has done much to repress gaming among the lower classes. If it were the habit of society to play the great privacy of social life in this country would necessarily make the defiance of the authorities easy. Probably it is more due to the greater variety of occupation and amusement, combined with greater facilities for locomotion, which all monopolize the time and leisure which gaming demands, while the greater expenses of life generally, the better distribution of wealth, and, above all, its gradual shifting from aristocratic into commercial circles, all tend to divorce the two inseparable requisites for the prevalence of high play—superior wealth and idleness.—Nineteenth Century.